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Bowel Complaints in India.

In a lecture at one of the Des Moines, Iowa, churches a missionary from India told of going into the interior of India, where he was taken sick, that he had a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy with him and believed that it saved his life. This remedy is used successfully in India both as a preventative and cure for cholera. You may know from this that it can be depended upon for the milder forms of bowel complaint that occur in this community. Obtainable everywhere.

W. J. Harrison of Kansas City spent Sunday here with his mother, Mrs. Phil Hogan. His wife who has been spending the week here accompanied him home.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thomas went to Corder Sunday morning for a visit.

Miss Sue Kinkead went to Kansas City Sunday morning for a visit.

Forethought.

People are learning that a little forethought often saves them a big expense. Here is an instance: E. W. Archer, Caldwell, Ohio, writes: "I do not believe that our family has been without Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy since we commenced keeping house years ago. When we go on an extended visit we take it with us." Obtainable everywhere.

W. R. Windle returned to his home in Kansas City Sunday evening after a visit here with W. P. Roach. Joe Roach accompanied him home for a visit.

Misses Dillie and Katherine Haekker went to Kansas City Sunday evening for a visit.

Stomach Troubles and Constipation.

"I will cheerfully say that Chamberlain's Tablets are the most satisfactory remedy for stomach troubles and constipation that I have sold in in thirty-four years' drug store service," writes S. H. Murphy, druggist, Wellburg, N. Y. Obtainable everywhere.

Walter Dunford and Andrew Kuchinski left Sunday evening for Washington, Kansas, on business.

E. F. Mollenkamp spent Sunday in Higginsville.

Mrs. J. M. Stelle returned to her home in Kansas City Sunday evening after a visit here with Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Young. Clayton Young accompanied her home for a visit.

To the Public.

"I have been using Chamberlain's Tablets for indigestion for the past six months, and it affords me pleasure to say I have never used a remedy that did me so much good."—Mrs. C. E. Riley, Illion, N. Y. Chamberlain's Tablets are obtainable everywhere.

Miss Lillian Harrison went to Kansas City Monday for a brief visit.

Misses Rachael Andreen and Mary Glasscock returned Monday morning from a visit in Odessa and Higginsville.

THE BAGMAN

By GEORGE ELMER COBB.

"It's early yet—can't I stay out till dark?"

"Do you want me to send for the bagman?"

That query was the terror of all juvenile Acton, and it invariably brought results. Kidnapers and gypsies had no such power to affright as "the bagman." He was a familiar institution of the little isolated village, harmless, even gentle, but his sinister-seeming one eye, his gruff creaking voice, above all the receptacle he carried were too much for the excited imagination of youthful Acton.

That bag that gave the old-clothes bargainer his nickname was to fear-filled juvenility a bugbear, a thing of majesty and mystery. What tales they wove about it; what gruesome stories of the lonesome hut where he carried it nights! It was filled with ogres, dwarfs, elves! Once a mischievous lad called old Bartlett names. He declared that the bagman opened his bag and that a great human face had flown out, pursuing him clear to the kitchen door of his home.

Yet Bartlett was frugal, honest and industrious. He exchanged new cooking tins for old apparel, mended up his stock of garments, once a month shipped his accumulation to the city, and was said to make quite a profit selling to second-hand shops in the slums of the big metropolises.

There was one child in Acton, however, who was afraid of neither Bartlett nor his bag. He was Bennie Rawson, four years old, and his mother was called "the young widow." Many



The Plan Worked Admirably.

doubted if she was anything more than a "grass widow," and there were many guesses as to a hidden tragedy in her life. Certainly in her sorrowful, impressive face there were traces of suffering. She had come to the village, whence no one had learned. Reserved, yet gracious, sad, yet always industrious, she had won the respect of the community. Her kindness toward old Bartlett, when she had housed and nursed him when he had a broken leg, had bound him to a debt of gratitude that never left him.

Rarely a day passed that Bartlett did not make it a point to pass the Rawson home. Rarely a day that he did not bring his prime favorite, little Bennie, an apple, candy, a toy. The friendship of these two lonely waifs was the one bright spot in the life of the hardened piece of human drift-wood.

He was seated on the doorstep one afternoon, taking a rest after his regular rounds, Benny enchanted with the fairy story he was reciting, when Mrs. Rawson came to the door and greeted him. The quick eye of Bartlett detected a new pallor, a vague anxiety in her face.

"Come in and speak with me before you go, Mr. Bartlett," she said quietly—"will you please?"

The bagman nodded assent wonderingly. He soon distracted the attention of his young companion to some kittens in the garden, and went into the neat little sitting room of the house.

"I know you are a true friend, Mr. Bartlett," spoke Mrs. Rawson gravely, "and I venture to ask you to do something for me."

"You can count on any service within my power," heartily declared old Bartlett.

"I am going to confide a secret to you," proceeded Mrs. Rawson. "I separated from my husband for cause five years ago. I hid myself and my child in this village. I hoped to be left to live out my life as I saw fit. What I feared had come. My husband has discovered me."

"He was here—he is trying to make you trouble?" began Bartlett, and he roused up lion-like.

"Not himself, but he has sent an agent to represent him. This man, a lawyer, came to me today. He said that my husband is ill, dying in a neighboring city. He told me that his last wish is to see his boy, my darling little Bennie. Oh, Mr. Bartlett! can't you see that this is a plot to rob me of my child? The lawyer tried to tell me how I had misjudged my husband. I refused to listen. Six years

ago that false husband and false, basely deserted us. Now he wishes to take the one person I love away from me!"

Old Bartlett could not determine the merits of the case, but he was true to Mrs. Rawson. She did not go into the details of her separation from her husband, but he believed she would always be in the right.

"I noticed a man waiting outside while the lawyer was here," continued Mrs. Rawson. "That was this morning. Ever since, at intervals, this second man has lurked about the neighborhood. Don't you see?" cried the agitated woman—"they are going to kidnap Benny! Perhaps the lawyer is arranging some legal trick, while his accomplice watches this house to see that I do not escape their clutches with Benny. So you must take Benny away," declared the anxious mother. "You must hide him until I find out how far these wicked schemers will go."

"Why, I can do that," replied old Bartlett. "Bennie likes me and will stay with me. There is my old hut. It is isolated, no one ever comes near it. Dear lady, leave it all to me—I will carry Benny away in my bag."

This was done. If any one was watching, they never dreamed that within the accustomed bag, snug and quiet as a mouse, Benny reposed. The novelty of the quaint home of the bagman prevented Benny from becoming lonely. The plan worked admirably, and old Bartlett was delighted to be able to circumvent the designs of wicked plotters against the dear lady whom he so respected. That very evening the bagman chanced to be passing a clump of trees near the Rawson home. He became an eaves-dropper to the conversation of the lawyer and his assistant.

It opened his eyes to a wonderful truth. It changed the entire complexion of the case. Mightily stirred up, old Bartlett decided to act on his own initiative. He hastened to his lonely hut. He took Benny a new journey—not in the bag this time. He returned to the town the next morning—alone. "Benny," spoke Mrs. Rawson anxiously, as Bartlett appeared at her home.

"He is with his father—I took him there and you are to join both of them right away," was the amazing reply of the bagman. "Don't get startled now," he urged soothingly, "everything is all right. Only listen, and then be thankful for all your troubles are over."

And then humble, loyal old Bartlett recited a marvelous story. The overheard conversation of the two strangers had enlightened him. Allan Rawson did not wish to take little Benny away from his mother—only to see him. He dared not hope that his wife might come too, yet her place was by his side.

That is, if she could forgive. He had not deserted her. Traveling out West on business bent, he had become involved with some swindling scoundrels, who left him to bear the brunt of a prison sentence for their own crimes. He was ashamed to inform his wife that the stain of a convict was upon him. He was helpless for three years to contribute to her support.

Now a relative had left him a fortune and he had sought her out. He had been very ill, but the sight of little Benny had brought new hope and health. And she, his wife, always loved—old Bartlett's eyes regarded her pleadingly.

"I will go to him," spoke Edna Rawson, with shining eyes.

(Copyright, 1916, by W. G. Chapman.)

Laughs Better Than Medicine.

Physicians have discovered that a good laugh is one of the best panaceas extant for the various ills of mankind. They recommend it as a substitute for medicine. It is good for any kind of ailment, from chronic dyspepsia to chilblains, from softening of the brain to hardening of the arteries. Germs scatter the majority of diseases, but lack of mental relaxation is now found to be responsible for some of our best patronized ills. The man with a sense of humor is better fortified against poor health than the man with a pestiferous frown. A countenance wreathed in smiles is symbolic of proper heart action, good circulation and normal respiration. While generally speaking it improves one's health to laugh, it might not improve one's health to laugh at the man who slips on a banana peel and is severely bumped in his dignity, or at the man who madly pursues his hat that is caught in the teeth of a frisky breeze and spins down the middle of the street, or at the man whom the playful kiddies have just soaked with a snowball. These are not subjects for laughter as provided for in the health movement. Be discreet about what you laugh, but laugh whenever possible.

More Mercenary.

"The American man is the most sentimental in the world."

The speaker was an actress who forsook the stage to become an interior decorator of the palaces of New York millionaires.

"The American man," she continued, "is so sentimental that he always marries for love. His heart is like that which the poet sang of, 'A casket that can only be opened by love.'"

"What about the American girls?" a broker asked.

"Oh, to cover the American girl's case," she replied, with a mischievous smile, "the poet would have to change his line to 'The heart is a casket which love alone unlocks, but money makes a good skeleton key, which often produces the same result.'"

St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ike Gratz accompanied by J. C. Graddy, left Monday evening in his car for Moberly, Mo., to attend the annual meeting of the Missouri State Elks Association. On account of the heavy rain Mr. Gratz went only as far as Boonville and returned.

Mrs. P. L. Tapp and two daughters are visiting at the home of Dr. W. R. Eckle.

Leo Shinn went to Kansas City Monday for a visit.

V. J. C. Bour left Monday for a visit in Rock Island Ill., and Dayton, Ohio.

H. C. Rogers went to Waverly Monday to spend the day on business.

Mrs. Oscar Hugg returned to her home in Higginsville Monday morning after a visit here with Mrs. Ella Thompson.

Miss Vivion Blosser, who has been visiting Miss Martha Legg, near this city, left Monday for her home in Norway, Kansas.

Mrs. G. A. Kull and Mrs. Anna Brown went to Warsaw, Mo., Monday to attend the funeral of G. A. Gasnay.

Miss Florence Berrie went to Kansas City Monday for a visit.

City Engineer Charles Swift went to Higginsville Monday morning to spend the day on business.

E. T. Stier spent Sunday in Kansas City.

Otto Long spent Sunday in Higginsville.

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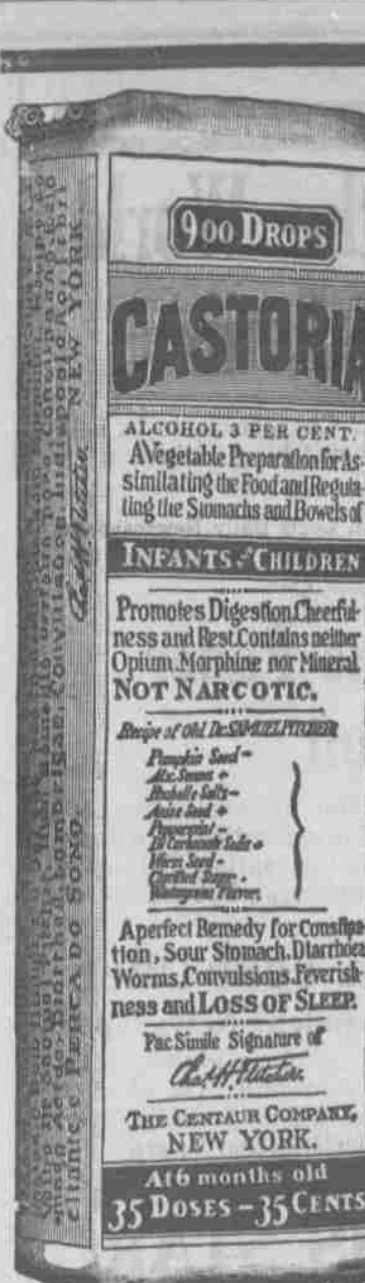
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